# Fluency Packet for 4 - 5 Grade Band

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*40 Passages*

**Instructions:**

The packet below can be used regularly over the course of a school year to help students build fluency. There are enough passages to work on one per week.

We recommend that students who need it, practice reading one passage at least 3x daily for a week (15-20 repetitions).

1. First give students the opportunity to listen to a reading by a fluent reader, while “following along in their heads.” *It is essential that students hear the words pronounced accurately and the sentences read with proper punctuation attended to!*
2. Then have students read the passage aloud while monitored for accuracy.
3. When reading aloud, students should focus on reading at an **appropriate pace**, reading words and punctuation **accurately**, and reading with appropriate **expression**.
4. Students need feedback and active monitoring on their fluency progress. One idea is to do a “performance” toward the end of the week where students are expected to read the selection perfectly and be evaluated.
5. Students need to be encouraged. They know they do not read as well as they ought to and want to. It is very good to explain fluency and explain that it is fixable and has nothing at all to do with intelligence!
6. Students need to know they are obligated to understand what they read at all times. For this reason, comprehension questions and a list of high-value vocabulary words are also included with each passage.

After mastery of one passage, students should move on to the next passage and repeat the process. The packet has been organized by genre, but teachers should feel free to re-order the passages to best meet student and classroom needs.

Regular practice of this type **will** help students rapidly build grade-level fluency!

*\*Please note: These passages have been ordered by genre for ease of organization, but we encourage you to change the order to match your and your students’ needs. In addition, feel free to alternate between passages long and short passages, excerpt from longer passages, or break longer passages up into multiple smaller passages.*

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# *Grandpa's Story: A Comb, Penknife And Handkerchief*

# By NPR Staff

Jack Bruschetti was born in 1999, the same year his grandfather, Leonard Carpenter, died from Alzheimer's disease.

But 13-year-old Jack wanted to know more about his grandfather, who worked as a tire builder for BFGoodrich in Akron, Ohio, where he also raised his family.

"It was very important for him to be in control at all times," Jack's mom, Lynne Bruschetti, said to him during a visit to Story Corps in Atlanta. "We lived in the city, and we had very tiny yards, and he didn't use a lawnmower. He used clippers because he wanted every blade of grass to be exactly the same height. We could play in the driveway, on the sidewalk, in the middle of the street, but we were not allowed in that showplace yard of his."

Lynne said her father — who was 86 when he died — always kept a comb, handkerchief and penknife in his pockets.

"And the handkerchief was always clean and pressed, and he would use a handkerchief not to blow his nose but to clean. If there was like a mark on the side of our house, he would wipe it," she recounted. "And when I was a teenager, I was starting to lose respect for your grandpa Leonard."

Lynne said she resented her father for "always wanting to keep the house perfect and always being in control, and I was starting to realize that he wasn't that educated."

Carpenter became president of the board of trustees of Park United Methodist Church and served as president for a few years. When the trustees met, he would take apples.

"First he would pull out his handkerchief and he would wipe the apples and make them shiny," said Lynne, who is 51. "And then he would pull out his penknife. And he'd always cut so that there was just one long apple peel. And as they're arguing, he would slice the apple, put it on the penknife, and hold it out to each member of the trustees. And every meeting, they would eat apples together.

"And they started getting trust back. And so he had that ability," she continued. "He didn't have a lot of money. He didn't have a lot of education. But he had that handkerchief, and he had that penknife in the trustee meetings. "And people did start to get along. He was an important part of that."

Audio produced for Morning Edition by Katie Simon.

*Grandpa's Story: A Comb, Penknife And Handkerchief*

Checking for Understanding

1. Why did Lynne’s dad always keep a comb, penknife and handkerchief in his pocket?
2. What do the following details tell you about Lynne’s dad:
   1. “He used clippers because he wanted every blade of grass to be exactly the same height.”
   2. “If there was like a mark on the side of our house, he would wipe it.”

Vocabulary

* trustees

<http://www.npr.org/2013/07/19/203276942/grandpas-story-a-comb-penknife-and-handkerchief>

# *Two Brothers Remember Lives Spent With Liberty*

# By NPR Staff

Brothers Paul and James Bizzaro, both in their 80s, spent their childhoods living in a house right behind the Statue of Liberty. Their family moved to the same small island in New York Harbor as Lady Liberty 75 years ago this summer, not long after their father, also James, became a guard at the statue.

When the Bizzaros moved to what's now called Liberty Island in 1937, Paul was 8 and James was 6.

"Half of the island was for the visitors. The half that we lived in, we had that whole half to us," says James.

"But we were allowed to do whatever we wanted, so we used to go up to the torch," Paul remembers.

"And if you shook enough, the whole arm would shake," James says.

The boys shook it once when their mother was walking up. "She never went up again," Paul says.

"We used to go on the ferry to go to school, and I remember Sister Alphonsus Marie — she was tough, like a truck driver," James says. "She was mean. But she was always talking about the island, so I invited her to come to the statue, and we climbed the head, and she says, 'Oh!' She says, 'This is the closest I'm going to get to heaven.' But she never treated me any better or any different."

In 1944, the family moved back to Brooklyn, where they had lived before moving to the island, though their father still commuted to the statue.

"And the way a person knows every corner of his house, he knew every corner of that Statue of Liberty," says James. Their father retired in 1971 after 36 years there. He had been a guard for about a year, then began working in maintenance, and eventually became the maintenance supervisor.

"When he retired, it took 11 men to replace him. He was the man that kept the statue lit. The lights, they never went out when he worked," Paul says.

Audio produced for Morning Edition by Anita Rao with Eve Claxton.

# *Two Brothers Remember Lives Spent With Liberty*

Checking for Understanding

1. What is the main idea of this text? Provide evidence from the text to support your answer.
2. How do Paul and James feel about living behind the Statue of Liberty? Provide evidence from the text to support your answer.

Vocabulary

* childhoods
* commuted
* maintenance
* liberty

<http://www.npr.org/2013/07/05/198049711/two-brothers-remember-lives-spent-with-liberty>

*From Poor Beginnings To A Wealth Of Knowledge*

By NPR Staff

Herman Blake grew up with his mother and six siblings just outside New York City. It was the early 1940s and the family was poor. This shaped their outlook on life.

"When I was growing up the great emphasis was on being able to get a job because we were on welfare, and it was so humiliating," Herman tells his brother Sidney, who is an Episcopal deacon, during a visit to StoryCorps in New York.

One of the Blake brothers, Henry, who wanted the family to stop depending on welfare, decided to drop out of school so he could help take care of their mother.

"So when he got 16, he stopped going to school. And I'll never forget the day the truant officer came and Henry sat there and looked at him and said, 'I am not returning to school.' He was standing up in support of Mama," the 79-year-old Herman says.

But, there was a church member, Lillian Tinsley, who did domestic work. She had no family of her own, but she loved the young people.

"She liked to take the kids and feed them. And, as I remember, she couldn't cook," Herman says to his 73-year-old brother. "And we used to despair about her cooking. And Mama said, 'You eat what she puts in front of you.' "

Ms. Tinsley would get on the bus down on Fifth Avenue to go clean houses all day, but she knew the value of an education.

"And she came to my mother, and she said, 'You send that boy back to school. And from my own limited income, I will give you what he could have made.' "

Ms. Tinsley sent Henry to junior college in Alabama.

"Henry's experience there excited my next oldest brother and myself. And, of my mother's seven children, all of us completed high school. Six of us completed college degrees. And two of us got doctorates," Herman says. "So I consider that the legacy of an unheralded domestic worker named Lillian Tinsley.

"And I can never forget her."

Herman Blake received his doctorate from the University of California, Berkeley, went on to become a professor of Sociology at UC Santa Cruz in 1966 and founding provost of Oakes College from 1972 to 1984. He'll be honored at UCSC this weekend.

*From Poor Beginnings To A Wealth Of Knowledge*

Checking for Understanding

1. According to Herman, what is the legacy of Lillian Tinsley?
2. How would you describe Lillian Tinsley?

Vocabulary

* unheralded
* sociology
* legacy
* domestic
* emphasis
* outlook
* welfare
* founding

<http://www.npr.org/2013/04/26/179015473/from-poor-beginnings-to-a-wealth-of-knowledge>

*Mother To Daughter: 'That's When I Knew I Was Adopted'*

By NPR Staff

Diane Tells His Name, 61, grew up never knowing she was adopted.

"When did you first feel like you were different?" Bonnie Buchanan, 23, asks her mother during a recent visit to a Story Corps booth.

"Probably elementary school," she replies. "I had a younger sister, and I really didn't like doing the same things that she would do."

Instead of tea parties and dolls, Tells His Name spent her time outdoors, peering at the clouds and stars.

"And my sister was blond, tall and thin like my mother, and I was round and brown," she says with a laugh.

She remembers flipping through family albums, searching for her face in the old photographs and never finding it.

"Eventually when I was 37-years-old, I happened to see a picture of my mom in October of 1951, and it shocked me because I was born in November of 1951, and my mother was not pregnant," Tells His Name says. "That's when I knew I was adopted."

"How did you feel?" Buchanan asks.

"It was very satisfying to know that I wasn't crazy," Tells His Name says. "I didn't blame them, I wasn't angry with them. In 1951, you just didn't talk about those things."

She discovered her Native American roots on her original birth certificate, which also pointed to her birth mother's name and her first home, the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

To get in touch with her beginnings, she returned to South Dakota, received her Indian name and took what she calls a "crash course on how to be Indian." After that experience, she and her husband contacted Indian Family Services to adopt a child from her Lakota tribe.

"And, finally, they faxed us a picture of a little Indian child, and she was drinking chocolate syrup out of a Hershey's bottle. And our son said, 'That's her! That's the one we need to adopt.' And it was you," Tells His Name says to Buchanan, who chuckles in response.

After researching Buchanan's family tree, Tells His Name discovered they are cousins.

"I thought that was just — that was amazing," Tells His Name says. "I'm glad you're my baby." "I know. I'm glad you adopted me," Buchanan replies.

"I am too," Tells His Name says. "It's like our whole family was just planned out so that it would be best for all of us."

Audio produced for Morning Edition by Jud Esty-Kendall with Jasmyn Belcher.

*Mother To Daughter: 'That's When I Knew I Was Adopted'*

Checking for Understanding

1. How would you define the word, “peering,” in the following sentence: “Instead of tea parties and dolls, Tells His Name spent her time outdoors, peering at the clouds and stars.
2. How did Diane Tells His Name know she was adopted?
3. How are Diane Tells His Name and Bonnie Buchanan related?

Vocabulary

* albums
* services
* beginnings
* recent

<http://www.npr.org/2013/01/11/169051364/-that-s-when-i-knew-i-was-adopted-mother-explains-to-daughter>

*At 16, Making A Trek To Make The '63 March On Washington*

By NPR Staff

Lawrence Cumberbatch was only 16 when he trekked, on foot, from New York City to Washington, D.C., to join the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom. Lawrence, now 66, was the youngest person on the march with the Brooklyn branch of the Congress of Racial Equality.

His parents thought two weeks on the open road would be too dangerous for a teenager and made their best effort to dissuade him, Lawrence tells his son, Simeon, 39, at StoryCorps in New York.

"There's always someone in most families that everybody looks to as the authority. And in my case it was my mother's brother, Lloyd," Lawrence says. "So they did the usual, 'Go and see Uncle Lloyd. He wants to talk to you.' They were so sure [that] 'Well, he'll fix this,' " he says, laughing.

But the conversation didn't go quite as Lawrence's parents envisioned. "I discussed it with him, and he says, 'You know, you've thought this out, this makes sense.' So, he told my parents ... " 'I think the boy is OK, so he'll be safe.' And that was it. They followed his advice."

Between Aug. 15 and Aug. 27, 1963, Lawrence and the other members of Brooklyn CORE walked from sunup to sunset each day, he says. "Our diet was eating out of the Coke machines in the gas stations — cheese, crackers with peanut butter — for the whole 13 days, that's all we ate."

The authorities wouldn't allow the group onto the turnpike, Lawrence says, so they walked on U.S. Route 1 instead. And upon reaching Delaware, Lawrence recalls, "they would not let us stop for any purpose. ... They literally put a patrol car behind us and one in front, and they marched us 30 miles until we were out of their jurisdiction."

When they arrived in Washington, the group marched to the demonstration on the National Mall. They were led to the platform, Lawrence says, "and we were right behind King. It was overwhelming.

*"*People said, 'Well, what did you think about the speech?' I says, 'Nobody who was on that podium was thinking about the speech,' " Lawrence tells Simeon. "It was just so mind-blowing to look at this sea of people. You'll never see this again."

"This was definitely a defining moment," Simeon tells his dad. "I remember when I saw clips of Martin Luther King's speech at Washington, my mother said, 'Your father's right behind him.' It's a proud history, and you — you're a hero of mine."

"Thank you, Sim," Lawrence says. "I am very proud of that."

*At 16, Making A Trek To Make The '63 March On Washington*

Checking for Understanding

1. What role did Uncle Lloyd play in his family? How do you know this?
2. What is the relationship between Simeon and Lawrence? How do you know this?
3. What was the theme of this story? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

<http://www.npr.org/2013/08/23/214520990/at-16-making-a-trek-to-make-the-63-march-on-washington>

*Weird, or Just Different?*

By Derek Sivers

So, imagine you're standing on a street anywhere in America and a Japanese man comes up to you and says, "Excuse me, what is the name of this block?" And you say, "I'm sorry, well, this is Oak Street, that's Elm Street. This is 26th, that's 27th." He says, "OK, but what is the name of that block?" You say, "Well, blocks don't have names. Streets have names; blocks are just the unnamed spaces in between streets." He leaves, a little confused and disappointed.

So, now imagine you're standing on a street, anywhere in Japan, you turn to a person next to you and say,

"Excuse me, what is the name of this street?" They say, "Oh, well that's Block 17 and this is Block 16." And you say, "OK, but what is the name of this street?"

And they say, "Well, streets don't have names. Blocks have names. Just look at Google Maps here. There's Block 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. All of these blocks have names, and the streets are just the unnamed spaces in between the blocks.

And you say then, "OK, then how do you know your home address?"

He said, "Well, easy, this is District Eight. There's Block 17, house number one." You say, "OK, but walking around the neighborhood, I noticed that the house numbers don't go in order."

He says, "Of course they do. They go in the order in which they were built. The first house ever built on a block is house number one. The second house ever built is house number two. Third is house number three. It's easy. It's obvious."

So, I love that sometimes we need to go to the opposite side of the world to realize assumptions we didn't even know we had, and realize that the opposite of them may also be true.

So, for example, there are doctors in China who believe that it's their job to keep you healthy. So, any month you are healthy you pay them, and when you're sick you don't have to pay them because they failed at their job. They get rich when you're healthy, not sick. (Applause)

In most music, we think of the "one" as the downbeat, the beginning of the musical phrase: one, two, three, four. But in West African music, the "one" is thought of as the end of the phrase, like the period at the end of a sentence. So, you can hear it not just in the phrasing, but the way they count off their music: two, three, four, one.

And this map is also accurate. (Laughter)

There's a saying that whatever true thing you can say about India, the opposite is also true. So, let's never forget, whether at TED, or anywhere else, that whatever brilliant ideas you have or hear, that the opposite may also be true.

Domo arigato gozaimashita.

*Derek Sivers: Weird, or just different?*

Checking for Understanding

1. What did the author mean when he said: “sometimes we need to go to the opposite side of the world to realize assumptions we didn't even know we had, and realize that the opposite of them may also be true”?
2. Identify three details from the story that support Derek Sivers main idea.
3. Compare and Contrast the way the Japanese and U.S. identify their addresses.

Vocabulary

* downbeat
* period

<http://www.ted.com/talks/derek_sivers_weird_or_just_different.html>

*Try Something New for 30 days*

By Matt Cutts

A few years ago, I felt like I was stuck in a rut, so I decided to follow in the footsteps of the great American philosopher, Morgan Spurlock, and try something new for 30 days. The idea is actually pretty simple. Think about something you've always wanted to add to your life and try it for the next 30 days. It turns out, 30 days is just about the right amount of time to add a new habit or subtract a habit -- like watching the news -- from your life.

There's a few things I learned while doing these 30-day challenges. The first was, instead of the months flying by, forgotten, the time was much more memorable. This was part of a challenge I did to take a picture every day for a month. And I remember exactly where I was and what I was doing that day. I also noticed that as I started to do more and harder 30-day challenges, my self-confidence grew. I went from desk-dwelling computer nerd to the kind of guy who bikes to work -- for fun. Even last year, I ended up hiking up Mt. Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa. I would never have been that adventurous before I started my 30-day challenges.

I also figured out that if you really want something badly enough, you can do anything for 30 days. Have you ever wanted to write a novel? Every November, tens of thousands of people try to write their own 50,000-word novel from scratch in 30 days. It turns out, all you have to do is write 1,667 words a day for a month. So I did. By the way, the secret is not to go to sleep until you've written your words for the day. You might be sleep-deprived, but you'll finish your novel. Now is my book the next great American novel? No. I wrote it in a month. It's awful. But for the rest of my life, if I meet John Hodgman at a TED party, I don't have to say, "I'm a computer scientist." No, no, if I want to, I can say, "I'm a novelist."

(Laughter)

So here's one last thing I'd like to mention. I learned that when I made small, sustainable changes, things I could keep doing, they were more likely to stick. There's nothing wrong with big, crazy challenges. In fact, they're a ton of fun. But they're less likely to stick. When I gave up sugar for 30 days, day 31 looked like this.

(Laughter)

So here's my question to you: What are you waiting for? I guarantee you the next 30 days are going to pass whether you like it or not, so why not think about something you have always wanted to try and give it a shot for the next 30 days.

Thanks.

(Applause)

*Try Something New for 30 days*

Checking for Understanding

1. Why did Matt Cutts suggest we should “try something new for 30 days”?
2. What are two examples of new things that Matt tried for 30 days?
3. What did Matt Cutts mean when he said, “I learned that when I made small, sustainable changes, things I could keep doing, they were more likely to stick.”

Vocabulary

* philosopher
* Kilimanjaro
* adventurous
* dwelling
* memorable

<http://www.ted.com/talks/matt_cutts_try_something_new_for_30_days.html>

*Photos from a Storm Chaser*

By Camille Seaman

Everything is interconnected. As a Shinnecock Indian, I was raised to know this. We are a small fishing tribe situated on the southeastern tip of Long Island [near the town of Southampton in New York.](http://www.ted.com/talks/camille_seaman_photos_from_a_storm_chaser.html#12745)

When I was a little girl, my grandfather took me to sit outside in the sun on a hot summer day. There were no clouds in the sky. And after a while I began to perspire. And he pointed up to the sky, and he said, "Look, do you see that? That's part of you up there. That's your water that helps to make the cloud [that becomes the rain that feeds the plants](http://www.ted.com/talks/camille_seaman_photos_from_a_storm_chaser.html#41861) that feeds the animals."

In my continued exploration of subjects in nature [that have the ability to illustrate the interconnection of all life,](http://www.ted.com/talks/camille_seaman_photos_from_a_storm_chaser.html#52912) I started storm chasing in 2008 after my daughter said, "Mom, you should do that."

And so three days later, driving very fast, I found myself stalking a single type of giant cloud called the super cell, capable of producing grapefruit-size hail and spectacular tornadoes, although only two percent actually do. These clouds can grow so big, up to 50 miles wide and reach up to 65,000 feet into the atmosphere. They can grow so big, blocking all daylight, making it very dark and ominous standing under them.

Storm chasing is a very tactile experience. There's a warm, moist wind blowing at your back and the smell of the earth, the wheat, the grass, the charged particles. And then there are the colors in the clouds of hail forming, the greens and the turquoise blues. [I've learned to respect the lightning.](http://www.ted.com/talks/camille_seaman_photos_from_a_storm_chaser.html#129284) My hair used to be straight.

(Laughter)

I'm just kidding.

(Laughter)

What really excites me about these storms is their movement, the way they swirl and spin and undulate, with their lava lamp-like mammatus clouds. They become lovely monsters.

[When I'm photographing them,](http://www.ted.com/talks/camille_seaman_photos_from_a_storm_chaser.html#154029) I cannot help but remember my grandfather's lesson. As I stand under them, I see not just a cloud, but understand that what I have the privilege to witness is the same forces, the same process in a small-scale version that helped to create our galaxy, our solar system, our sun [and even this very planet.](http://www.ted.com/talks/camille_seaman_photos_from_a_storm_chaser.html#178145)

All my relations.

Thank you

*Photos from a storm chaser*

Checking for Understanding

1. What did you learn about the giant cloud called the Super Cell?
2. According to the author, what are some ways that “everything is interconnected”?
3. How is storm chasing a “tactile experience”?

Vocabulary

* excites
* witnessing
* nature
* photographing
* blues
* movement
* capable
* producing
* exploration
* percent

<http://www.ted.com/talks/camille_seaman_photos_from_a_storm_chaser.html>

*Finding Planets Around Other Stars*

By Lucianne Walkowicz

Planetary systems outside our own are like distant cities whose lights we can see twinkling, but whose streets we can't walk. By studying those twinkling lights though, we can learn about how stars and planets interact to form their own ecosystem and make habitats that are amenable to life. In this image of the Tokyo skyline, I've hidden data from the newest planet-hunting space telescope on the block, the Kepler Mission. Can you see it? There we go. This is just a tiny part of the sky the Kepler stares at, where it searches for planets by measuring the light from over 150,000 stars, all at once, every half hour, and very precisely. And what we're looking for is the tiny dimming of light that is caused by a planet passing in front of one of these stars and blocking some of that starlight from getting to us. In just over two years of operations, we've found over 1,200 potential new planetary systems around other stars. To give you some perspective, in the previous two decades of searching, we had only known about 400 prior to Kepler.

When we see these little dips in the light, we can determine a number of things. For one thing, we can determine that there's a planet there, but also how big that planet is and how far it is away from its parent star. That distance is really important because it tells us how much light the planet receives overall. And that distance and knowing that amount of light is important because it's a little like you or I sitting around a campfire: You want to be close enough to the campfire so that you're warm, but not so close that you're too toasty and you get burned.

However, there's more to know about your parent star than just how much light you receive overall. And I'll tell you why. This is our star. This is our Sun. It's shown here in visible light. That’s the light that you can see with your own human eyes. You'll notice that it looks pretty much like the iconic yellow ball -- that Sun that we all draw when we're children. But you'll notice something else, and that's that the face of the Sun has freckles. These freckles are called sunspots, and they are just one of the manifestations of the Sun's magnetic field. They also cause the light from the star to vary. And we can measure this very, very precisely with Kepler and trace their effects.

However, these are just the tip of the iceberg. If we had UV eyes or X-ray eyes, we would really see the dynamic and dramatic effects of our Sun's magnetic activity -- the kind of thing that happens on other stars as well. Just think, even when it's cloudy outside, these kinds of events are happening in the sky above you all the time. So when we want to learn whether a planet is habitable, whether it might be amenable to life, we want to know not only how much total light it receives and how warm it is, but we want to know about its space weather -- this high-energy radiation, the UV and the X-rays that are created by its star and that bathe it in this bath of high-energy radiation.

And so, we can't really look at planets around other stars in the same kind of detail that we can look at planets in our own solar system. I'm showing here Venus, Earth and Mars --three planets in our own solar system that are roughly the same size, but only one of which is really a good place to live. But what we can do in the meantime is measure the light from our stars and learn about this relationship between the planets and their parent stars to suss out clues about which planets might be good places to look for life in the universe.

Kepler won't find a planet around every single star it looks at. But really, every measurement it makes is precious, because it's teaching us about the relationship between stars and planets, and how it's really the starlight that sets the stage for the formation of life in the universe. While it's Kepler the telescope, the instrument that stares, it's we, life, who are searching.

Thank you. (Applause)

*Finding Planets Around Other Stars*

Checking for Understanding

1. What is the Kepler Mission? How has it impacted astronomy (the study of stars)?
2. What can scientist learn from studying the “tiny dimming of light that is caused by a planet passing in front of one of these stars”?
3. What does the word “suss out” mean in the following sentence:

“But what we can do in the meantime is measure the light from our stars and learn about this relationship between the planets and their parent stars to suss out clues about which planets might be good places to look for life in the universe.”

Vocabulary

* searches
* decades
* perspective
* potential
* livable

<http://www.ted.com/talks/lucianne_walkowicz_finding_planets_around_other_stars.html>

# *Could a Saturn Moon Harbor Life?*

# Two years ago here at TED I reported that we had discovered at Saturn, with the Cassini Spacecraft, an anomalously warm and geologically active region at the southern tip of the small Saturnine moon Enceladus, seen here. This region seen here for the first time in the Cassini image taken in 2005. This is the South Polar Region, with the famous tiger-stripe fractures crossing the South Pole. And seen just recently in late 2008, here is that region again, now half in darkness because the southern hemisphere is experiencing the onset of August and eventually winter.

# And I also reported that we'd made this mind-blowing discovery -- this once-in-a-lifetime discovery of towering jets erupting from those fractures at the south pole, consisting of tiny water ice crystals accompanied by water vapor and simple organic compounds like carbon dioxide and methane. And at that time two years ago I mentioned that we were speculating that these jets might in fact be geysers, and erupting from pockets or chambers of liquid water underneath the surface, but we weren't really sure. However, the implications of those results -- of a possible environment within this moon that could support prebiotic chemistry, and perhaps life itself -- were so exciting that, in the intervening two years, we have focused more on Enceladus.

# We've flown the Cassini Spacecraft by this moon now several times, flying closer and deeper into these jets, into the denser regions of these jets, so that now we have come away with some very precise compositional measurements. And we have found that the organic compounds coming from this moon are in fact more complex than we previously reported. While they're not amino acids, we're now finding things like propane and benzene, hydrogen cyanide, and formaldehyde. And the tiny water crystals here now look for all the world like they are frozen droplets of salty water, which is a discovery that suggests that not only do the jets come from pockets of liquid water, but that that liquid water is in contact with rock. And that is a circumstance that could supply the chemical energy and the chemical compounds needed to sustain life.

# So we are very encouraged by these results. And we are much more confident now than we were two years ago that we might indeed have on this moon, under the south pole, an environment or a zone that is hospitable to living organisms. Whether or not there are living organisms there, of course, is an entirely different matter. And that will have to await the arrival, back at Enceladus, of the space crafts, hopefully sometime in the near future, specifically equipped to address that particular question. But in the meantime I invite you to imagine the day when we might journey to the Saturnine system, and visit the Enceladus interplanetary geyser park, just because we can.

# Thank you.

# (Applause)

# *Could a Saturn Moon Harbor Life?*

Checking for Understanding

1. What “mind-blowing discovery” was made on the Saturnine moon Enceladus?
2. How was this discovery made?
3. What makes this a “mind-blowing discovery”?

Vocabulary

* intervening
* circumstance
* onset
* cyanide
* sustain

[http://www.ted.com/talks/carolyn\_porco\_could\_a\_saturn\_moon\_harbor\_life.html - 185000](http://www.ted.com/talks/carolyn_porco_could_a_saturn_moon_harbor_life.html#185000)

*Amphibians*

By

Joshua National Park

*California Tree Frog*

Frogs are probably the last thing that people expect to see when they visit the desert. However, some frogs and toads have adapted to life in arid lands. True, they still need water, but they seek it out when it is available.

Amphibians are animals that have two life stages: a larval, aquatic form and an adult, terrestrial form. This is the difference between a tadpole and a toad. Breeding and toad choruses occur in spring following winter rains or after the monsoon storms of summer. Male tree frogs and toads do the vocalizing. Gelatin-covered eggs are laid by the females at the bottom of a pool and hatch in a few days. Then, in the case of toads, it is a race to finish the tadpole stage before the pool dries up.

Three amphibians are found in Joshua Tree National Park:  The California tree frog, *Hyla cadaverina,* is found only in southern California and is listed as a Species of Special Concern. It is found in the rocky, permanent water sources created by the Pinto Fault along the northern edge of the park. This species reaches the eastern edge of its range here.

The red-spotted toad, *Bufo punctatus,* is a true denizen of the desert, where it spends most of its life underground. Found from one end of the park to the other, it appears after good, soaking rains. This toad lays its eggs in potholes, springs, and the intermittent streams found in rocky canyons after heavy rains.

The California toad, *Bufo halophilus,* has been reported from the Oasis of Mara. It may be established around watered areas in the urban parts of the Morongo Basin. The nearest natural population is in Little Morongo Canyon.

*Amphibians*

Checking for Understanding

1. What is the central idea of this text? Give two key details from this story that support the main idea.
2. According to this article, what are similarities and differences between the California tree frog, the red-spotted toad and the California toad?

Vocabulary

* choruses
* established
* urban
* breeding
* national

<http://www.nps.gov/jotr/naturescience/amphibians.htm>

*Winter Dusk*

By [R. K. Munkittrick](http://www.public-domain-poetry.com/r-k-munkittrick)

The prospect is bare and white,

And the air is crisp and chill;

While the ebon wings of night

 Are spread on the distant hill.

The roar of the stormy sea

Seem the dirges shrill and sharp

That winter plays on the tree -

His wild Æolian harp.

In the pool that darkly creeps

In ripples before the gale,

A star like a lily sleeps

And wiggles its silver tail.

*Winter Dusk*

Checking for Understanding

1. What setting is the author describing?  Support your answer with words or phrases from the poem.
2. Identify an example of personification in this poem. Explain what is being personified and how it is being personified.

Vocabulary

* prospect
* gale

<http://www.public-domain-poetry.com/r-k-munkittrick/winter-dusk-38910>

*The Mystic Meaning*

By [Clark Ashton Smith](http://www.public-domain-poetry.com/clark-ashton-smith)

Alas! That we are deaf and blind

To meanings all about us hid!

What secrets lurk the woods amid?

  What prophecies are on the wind?

What tidings do the billows bring?

And cry in vain upon the strand?

If we might only understand

The brooklet's cryptic murmuring!

The tongues of earth and air are strange.

  And yet (who knows?) one little word

  Learned from the language of the bird

  Might make us lords of Fate and Change!

*The Mystic Meaning*

Checking for Understanding

1. Where does the author think you should look for “The Mystic Meaning”?
2. What message is the author trying to express in this poem?

Vocabulary

* amid
* vain
* tidings
* lurk

<http://www.public-domain-poetry.com/clark-ashton-smith/mystic-meaning-38857>

*Shake, Mulleary And Go-Ethe*

By Henry Cuyler Bunner

I

I have a bookcase, which is what

  Many much better men have not.

There are no books inside, for books,

  I am afraid, might spoil its looks.

  But I've three busts, all second-hand,

  Upon the top. You understand

  I could not put them underneath - Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

         II

   Shake was a dramatist of note;

   He lived by writing things to quote,

   He long ago put on his shroud:

   Some of his works are rather loud.

   His bald-spot's dusty, I suppose.

   I know there's dust upon his nose.

   I'll have to give each nose a sheath - Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

                     III

   Mulleary's line was quite the same;

   He has more hair, but far less fame.

   I would not from that fame retrench -

   But he is foreign, being French.

   Yet high his haughty head he heaves,

   The only one done up in leaves,

   They're rather limited on wreath - Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

         IV

   Go-ethe wrote in the German tongue:

   He must have learned it very young.

   His nose is quite a butt for scoff,

   Although an inch of it is off.

   He did quite nicely for the Dutch;

   But here he doesn't count for much.

   They all are off their native heath - Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

                V

   They sit there, on their chests, as bland

   As if they were not second-hand.

   I do not know of what they think,

   Nor why they never frown or wink,

   But why from smiling they refrain

   I think I clearly can explain:

   They none of them could show much teeth - Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe

*Shake, Mulleary And Go-Ethe*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does the author use repetition in this poem?
2. What do you notice about the structure of this poem?
3. What are the similarities and differences of each stanza?

Vocabulary

* dramatist
* refrain
* busts

<http://www.public-domain-poetry.com/henry-cuyler-bunner/shake-mulleary-and-go-ethe-38908>

*I Saw A Ship A-Sailing*

By Mother Goose

I saw a ship a-sailing,

A-sailing on the sea;

And, oh! it was all laden

With pretty things for thee!

There were candies in the cabin,

And apples in the hold;

The sails were made of silk,

And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors

That stood between the decks,

Were four-and-twenty white mice,

With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,

With a packet on his back;

And when the ship began to move,

The captain cried, “Quack, quack!”

*I Saw A Simple A-Sailing*

Checking for Understanding

1. What is the mood of this poem? Please find examples in the text which illustrate the mood.
2. What do you notice about the rhythm of this poem?
3. How does the author use rhyme in this poem?

Vocabulary

* laden

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25359/25359-h/25359-h.htm#Page_25>

*Time for Everything*

By Alden Arthur Knipe

There’s a time to run and a time to walk;

There’s a time for silence, a time for talk;

There’s a time for work and a time for play;

There’s a time for sleep at the close of day.

There’s a time for everything you do,

For children and for grown-ups, too.

A time to stand up and a time to sit,—

But see that the time and actions fit.

## 

## 

## *Time for Everything*

## Checking for Understanding

1. How did the author use rhyme and repetition in this poem?
2. What did the author mean by the phrase, “But see that the time and actions fit”?

Vocabulary

* None listed

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25359/25359-h/25359-h.htm#TIMEFOR>

*Old Ironsides*

By [Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oliver_Wendell_Holmes,_Sr.)

 Aye tear her tattered ensign down

long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky;

 Beneath it rung the battle shout,

And burst the cannon's roar;--

The meteor of the ocean air

 Shall sweep the clouds no more.  

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,

Where knelt the vanquished foe,

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,

And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,

Or know the conquered knee;--

The harpies of the shore shall pluck

 The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk

Should sink beneath the wave;

Her thunders shook the mighty deep,

And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,

Set every threadbare sail,

And give her to the god of storms,

The lightning and the gale!

*Old Ironsides*

Checking for Understanding

1. What do you think this poem is describing?
2. How does the author use rhythm and rhyme in this poem?

Vocabulary

* ensign
* meteor
* vanquished
* victor
* hull

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Old_Ironsides_(poem)>

## *The Butterfly*

By Jane and Ann Taylor

The Butterfly, an idle thing,

Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,

As do the bee and bird;

Nor does it, like the prudent ant,

Lay up the grain for times of want,

A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day:

Then like the bee and ant I'll lay

A store of learning by;

And though from flower to flower I rove,

My stock of wisdom I'll improve

Nor be a butterfly.

## 

*The Butterfly*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does the author compare the butterfly to the bee, bird and ant?
2. How does the author feel about the butterfly?

Vocabulary

* rove

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/42947/42947-h/42947-h.htm#Page_27>

*Jabberwocky*

By [Lewis](http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poets/carroll-lewis) Carrol

Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!

The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun

The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:

Long time the manxome foe he sought --

So rested he by the Tumtum tree.

And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,

Came wiffling through the tulgey wood,

And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through

The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!

He left it dead, and with its head

He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?

Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"

He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

*Jabberwocky*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does the author’s use of nonsense words impact the reader’s understanding of the text?
2. How would you describe the mood of the text? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

Vocabulary

* sought

<http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poems/jabberwocky>

*The Hares and the Frogs*

By Aesop

The Hares were so persecuted by the other beasts, they did not  
know where to go. As soon as they saw a single animal approach  
them, off they used to run. One day they saw a troop of wild  
Horses stampeding about, and in quite a panic all the Hares  
scuttled off to a lake hard by, determined to drown themselves  
rather than live in such a continual state of fear. But just as  
they got near the bank of the lake, a troop of Frogs, frightened  
in their turn by the approach of the Hares scuttled off, and  
jumped into the water. "Truly," said one of the Hares, "things  
are not so bad as they seem:

"There is always someone worse off than yourself."

*The Hares and the Frogs*

Checking for Understanding

1. What does the word, “persecuted”, mean in this passage? Use information from the text to support your answer.
2. How would you describe the hares in this story?
3. What does the moral of the story mean? How else could you word it?

Vocabulary

* continual
* persecuted
* state

http://www.aesopfables.com/cgi/aesop1.cgi?2&TheHaresandtheFrogs2&&harefrog2.ram

*The Hare and the Hound*

By Aesop

A hound started a Hare from his lair, but after a long run, gave  
up the chase. A goat-herd seeing him stop, mocked him, saying  
"The little one is the best runner of the two." The Hound  
replied, "You do not see the difference between us: I was only  
running for a dinner, but he for his life."

Necessity is our strongest weapon.

*The Hare and the Hound*

Checking for Understanding

1. What did the Hound mean when he said, "You do not see the difference between us: I was only running for a dinner, but he for his life”?
2. What does the moral of the story mean? How else could you word it?

Vocabulary

* Necessity

<http://www.aesopfables.com/cgi/aesop1.cgi?2&TheHareandtheHound&&harehoun2.ram>

*The Fisher and the Little Fish*

By Aesop

It happened that a Fisher, after fishing all day, caught only  
a little fish. "Pray, let me go, master," said the Fish. "I am  
much too small for your eating just now. If you put me back into  
the river I shall soon grow, then you can make a fine meal off  
me."

"Nay, nay, my little Fish," said the Fisher, "I have you now.  
I may not catch you hereafter."

A little thing in hand is worth more than a great thing in prospect.

*The Fisher and the Little Fisher*

Checking for Understanding

1. What was the fish trying to do in this text?
2. What does the moral of the story mean? How else could you word it?

Vocabulary

* prospect
* river
* fisher
* nay

<http://www.aesopfables.com/cgi/aesop1.cgi?2&TheFisherandtheLittleFish&&fishrlit2.ram>

*The Two Crabs*

By Aesop

One fine day two Crabs came out from their home to take a  
stroll on the sand. "Child," said the mother, "you are walking  
very ungracefully. You should accustom yourself, to walking  
straight forward without twisting from side to side."  
  
 "Pray, mother," said the young one, "do but set the example  
yourself, and I will follow you."

Example is the best teacher.

*The Two Crabs*

Checking for Understanding

1. What does the young crab mean when it says, “set the example yourself, and I will follow you”?
2. What do you think of the moral, “Example is the best teacher”? How else could you word the moral of this story?

Vocabulary

* accustom

<http://www.aesopfables.com/cgi/aesop1.cgi?4&TheTwoCrabs&&twocrabs2.ram>

*The Cat and the Mouse*

Edited by William Byron Forbush, et. al

The cat and the mouse

Played in the malt-house:

The cat bit the mouse’s tail off. “Pray, puss, give me my tail.”

“No,” says the cat, “I’ll not give you your tail, till you go to the cow, and fetch me some milk.”

First she leaped, and then she ran,

Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

“Pray, Cow, give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again.”

“No,” said the cow, “I will give you no milk, till you go to the farmer, and get me some hay.”

First she leaped, and then she ran,

Till she came to the farmer, and thus began:

“Pray, Farmer, give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again.”

“No,” said the farmer, “I’ll give you no hay, till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat.”

First she leaped, and then she ran,

Till she came to the butcher, and thus began:

“Pray, Butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again.”

“No,” says the butcher, “I’ll give you no meat, till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread.”

First she leaped, and then she ran,

Till she came to the baker, and thus began:

“Pray, Baker, give me bread, that I may give butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again.”

“Yes,” says the baker, “I’ll give you some bread,

But if you eat my meal, I’ll cut off your head.”

Then the baker gave mouse bread, and mouse gave butcher bread, and butcher gave mouse meat, and mouse gave farmer meat, and farmer gave mouse hay, and mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave mouse milk, and mouse gave cat milk, and cat gave mouse her own tail again.

*The Cat and the Mouse*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does the author use repetition in this story?
2. Please summarize this story.
3. Based on this story, how would you describe the mouse? What details in the story support your description?

Vocabulary

* none listed

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25359/25359-h/25359-h.htm#Page_123>

*Teeny Tiny*

Edited by William Byron Forbush, et. al

There was once upon a time a teeny-tiny woman who lived in a teeny-tiny house in a teeny-tiny village. Now, one day this teeny-tiny woman put on her teeny-tiny bonnet and went out of her teeny-tiny house to take a teeny-tiny walk. And when this teeny-tiny woman had gone a teeny-tiny way, she came to a teeny-tiny gate; so the teeny-tiny woman opened the teeny-tiny gate, and went into a teeny-tiny meadow. And when this teeny-tiny woman had got into the teeny-tiny meadow, she saw a teeny-tiny bone on a teeny-tiny stone, and the teeny-tiny woman said to her teeny-tiny self:

“This teeny-tiny bone will make me some teeny-tiny soup for my teeny-tiny supper.” So the teeny-tiny woman put the teeny-tiny bone into her teeny-tiny pocket, and went home to her teeny-tiny house. Now, when the teeny-tiny woman got home to her teeny-tiny house, she was a teeny-tiny bit tired; so she went up her teeny-tiny stairs to her teeny-tiny bed, and put the teeny-tiny bone into a teeny-tiny cupboard.

And when this teeny-tiny woman had been to sleep a teeny-tiny time, she was awakened by a teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard, which said:

“give me my bone!”

And this teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny head under the teeny-tiny clothes, and went to sleep again. And when she had been asleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice again cried out from the teeny-tiny cupboard a teeny-tiny louder:

“Give Me My Bone!”

This made the teeny-tiny woman a teeny-tiny more frightened, so she hid her teeny-tiny head a teeny-tiny further under the teeny-tiny clothes. And when the teeny-tiny woman had been asleep again a teeny-tiny time, the teeny-tiny voice from the teeny-tiny cupboard said again a teeny-tiny louder:

“GIVE ME MY BONE!”

At this the teeny-tiny woman was a teeny-tiny bit more frightened; but she put her teeny-tiny head out of the teeny-tiny clothes, and said in her loudest teeny-tiny voice:

“TAKE IT!”

*Teeny Tiny*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does the author use repetition in this text?
2. Please summarize this text.

Vocabulary

* none listed

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25359/25359-h/25359-h.htm#Page_129>

*The Small Gray Mouse*

By Nathan Haskell Dole

The small gray mouse ran east

And the small gray mouse ran west

And could not tell in the least

Which way was best.

The small gray mouse ran north

And the small gray mouse ran south

And scurried back and forth

To escape the kitten’s dreadful teeth-lined mouth!

But kitty thought it precious fun

To see the panting mousie run,

And when it almost got away

Her furry paw upon its back would lay.

But kitty grew too vain and sure;

She thought she had the mouse secure;

She turned her head, she shut her eyes.

That was not wise,

And ere she knew

The gray mouse up the chimney flew,

Where dainty cats could not pursue.

So she had nothing else to do

But miew—oo—oo—!

*The Small Gray Mouse*  
Checking for Understanding

1. How would you describe the mouse in this poem?
2. Why did the cat “miew-oo-oo-“ at the end of the poem?
3. What mistake did the cat make in this poem?

Vocabulary

* vain
* secure
* pursue
* ere

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25359/25359-h/25359-h.htm#Page_198>

*The Conceited Mouse*

By Ella Foster Case

Once upon a time there was a very small mouse with a very, very large opinion of himself. What he didn’t know his own grandmother couldn’t tell him.

“You’d better keep a bright eye in your head, these days,” said she, one chilly afternoon. “Your gran’ther has smelled a trap.”

“Scat!” answered the small mouse—“’s if I don’t know a trap when I see it!” And that was all the thanks she got for her good advice.

“Go your own way, for you will go no other,” the wise old mouse said to herself; and she scratched her nose slowly and sadly as she watched her grandson scamper up the cellar stairs.

“Ah!” sniffed he, poking his whiskers into a crack of the dining-room cupboard, “cheese—as I’m alive!” Scuttle—scuttle. “I’ll be squizzled, if it isn’t in that cunning little house; I know what that is—a cheese-house, of course. What a very snug hall! That’s the way with cheese-houses. I know, ’cause I’ve heard the dairymaid talk about ’em. It must be rather inconvenient, though, to carry milk up that step and through an iron door. I know why it’s so open—to let in fresh air. I tell you, that cheese is good! Kind of a reception-room in there—guess I know a reception-room from a hole in the wall. No trouble at all about getting in, either. Wouldn’t grandmother open her eyes to see me here! Guess I’ll take another nibble at that cheese, and go out. What’s that noise? What in squeaks is the matter with the door? This is a cheese-house, I know it is—but what if it should turn out to be a—O-o-o-eeee!” And that’s just what it did turn out to be.

*The Concited Mouse*

Checking for Understanding

1. How was the mouse in the story a “conceited mouse”?
2. What happened to the Conceited mouse in this story?
3. What was the problem in this story?

Vocabulary

* dairymaid
* inconvenient

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25359/25359-h/25359-h.htm#Conceited>

*The Fox and the Little Red Hen*

Edited by William Byron Forbush, et. al

Once upon a time there was a little red hen. She lived in a little white house and she had a little green garden. Every day she worked in the house and garden.

Near her home lived a family of foxes. One day Mamma Fox said to Papa Fox, “I want a fat hen to eat.” There was nothing in the pantry for the baby foxes, so Papa Fox started out to find something for them all.

He ran down the road until he came to the woods. “Surely I will find something here,” he said, but he found nothing to eat in the woods. As he came near the little green garden he said, “Oh, I smell fresh cake! Oh, I smell a little red hen!”

Sure enough, there was the Little Red Hen eating her cake.

Papa Fox stole up softly behind her and grabbed her and put her into the bag on his back; then he ran quickly off down the hill toward his home.

The Little Red Hen was so frightened that she could only whisper, “Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!”

Just then she had to sneeze, and when she put her claw into her pocket for her handkerchief, she felt her little scissors. Quick as a flash she took them out and cut a little hole in the bag. Peeping out she saw a great hill just ahead, all covered with stones. As Papa Fox stopped to rest on his way up the hill, with his back turned toward her, she cut a big hole in the bag, jumped out and quickly put a big stone in the bag in her place.

As Papa Fox kept on up the hill, he thought the bag was pretty heavy, but he said, “Never mind, she is a fat little red hen.”

Mamma Fox met him at the front door with all the baby foxes.

“The water is boiling,” said she. “What have you in your bag?” asked the Baby Foxes.

“A fat little red hen,” said Papa Fox.

As he held the bag over the pot, he said to Mamma Fox, “When I drop her in, you clap on the lid.” So he opened the bag. Splash! went the boiling water. It spilled all over Papa Fox and Mamma Fox and the Baby Foxes. Never again did they try to catch the Little Red Hen.

*The Fox and the Little Red Hen*

Checking for Understanding

1. How would you describe the Little Red Hen in the text?
2. How would you describe the Papa Fox?
3. Why did the Fox family never try to catch the Little Red Hen again?

Vocabulary

* peeping
* stone
* foxes

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25359/25359-h/25359-h.htm#Page_294>

*The Frog and the Geese*

By La Fontaine

Two wild geese, when about to start southwards for the winter, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese consenting to do so if a means of carrying him could be found, the frog produced a stalk of long grass, got the two geese to take it one by each end, while he clung to it in the middle by his mouth. In this manner the three were making their journey, when they were noticed by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the plan, and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The proud frog, opening his mouth to say, 'It was I,' lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

*The Frog and the Geese*

Checking for Understanding

1. What does the word, “entreated,” mean in the following sentence: “Two wild geese, when about to start southwards for the winter, were entreated by a frog to take him with them.”
2. What is the morale of this story?
3. How would you describe the frog in this text?

Vocabulary

* consenting
* southwards
* entreated
* manner

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/20117/20117-h/20117-h.htm>

*The Shoemaker and the Elves*

By the Brothers Grimm

There was once a shoemaker, who, from no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left, but just sufficient leather for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, intending to make it up in the morning; and, as he had a good conscience, he lay quietly down to sleep, first commending himself to God. In the morning he said his prayers, and then sat down to work; but, behold, the pair of shoes were already made, and there they stood upon his board. The poor man was amazed, and knew not what to think; but he took the shoes into his hand to look at them more closely, and they were so neatly worked, that not a stitch was wrong; just as if they had been made for a prize. Presently a customer came in; and as the shoes pleased him very much, he paid down more than was usual; and so much that the shoemaker was able to buy with it leather for two pairs. By the evening he had got his leather shaped out; and when he arose the next morning, he prepared to work with fresh spirit; but there was no need—for the shoes stood all perfect on his board. He did not want either for customers; for two came who paid him so liberally for the shoes, that he bought with the money material for four pairs more. These also—when he awoke—he found all ready-made, and so it continued; what he cut out overnight was, in the morning, turned into the neatest shoes possible. This went on until he had regained his former appearance, and was becoming prosperous.

One evening—not long before Christmas—as he had cut out the usual quantity, he said to his wife before going to bed, “What say you to stopping up this night, to see who it is that helps us so kindly?” His wife was satisfied, and fastened up a light; and then they hid themselves in the corner of the room, where hung some clothes which concealed them. As soon as it was midnight in came two little manikins, who squatted down on the board; and, taking up the prepared work, set to with their little fingers, stitching and sewing, and hammering so swiftly and lightly, that the shoemaker could not take his eyes off them for astonishment. They did not cease until all was brought to an end, and the shoes stood ready on the table; and then they sprang quickly away.

The following morning the wife said, “The little men have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude to them; for although they run about they must be cold, for they have nothing on their bodies. I will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, trousers, and stockings for each, and do you make a pair of shoes for each.”

The husband assented; and one evening, when all was ready, they laid presents, instead of the usual work, on the board, and hid themselves to see the result.

At midnight in came the Elves, jumping about, and soon prepared to work, but when they saw no leather, but the natty little clothes, they at first were astonished, but soon showed their rapturous glee. They drew on their coats, and smoothing them down, sang—

“Smart and natty boys are we;

Cobblers we’ll no longer be.”

And so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out at the door. After that evening they did not come again, but the shoemaker prospered in all he undertook, and lived happily to the end of his days.

*The Shoemaker and the Elves*

Checking for Understanding

1. Please summarize the story.
2. What did the Elves mean when they said, “Smart and natty boys are we;

Cobblers we’ll no longer be.”

1. How would you describe the Shoemaker and his wife in this story?

Vocabulary

* undertook
* liberally
* sufficient
* behold
* commend
* quantity

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25359/25359-h/25359-h.htm#ELVES>

*What Katie Heard*

Edited by Jerskine Clark

'How very annoying!'

'It is really too bad to have this noisy creature foisted on us just now.'

Katie stood on the doorstep of her aunt's house in a very stiff, pink frock. Her cheeks were red and rosy, for it was a warm summer day, and her feelings were just those of any little girl who is paying her first real visit to an aunt in the country.

The speakers were Katie's two cousins, Janet and Clare, and the words came very clearly through the curtains and open windows, as Katie stood there, wondering whether the bell had really rung, or whether she had better give it another tug. She saw her own reflection in the shining bell-handle, and it had gone crimson all at once.

Poor Katie! Mother had told her she would be expected, and this was what her cousins thought about her!

Was it not a dreadful state of affairs for a small girl at the beginning of her first visit? Katie shut her mouth tight, and clenched her small, hot hands, in a desperate effort to look just ordinary. It was very hard to be brave. She would have liked to run away, but she knew that would be cowardly. Her cheeks kept growing hotter and hotter. It was mean, she had always heard, to listen to things that were not intended for one. Plainly, there was only one course: to go right on, and not let anybody know that she had overheard those dreadful, unkind words.

The waiting and the silence was almost too much. The girls' voices died away in the room; a bee was buzzing in a foxglove bell at her elbow, and some cows went quietly up the lane past the green garden-gate. Then, all at once, the door flew open, and tall Janet and fair-haired Clare stood before her.

'You dear child, have you come all alone? How tired she looks, Clare!'

'Katie, Katie, haven't you got a kiss for your own Clare?'

There was quite a chorus of greetings as they ushered puzzled Katie into a bright room where her invalid aunt, wrapped in a shawl, and rather pale, lay on a couch, holding out both hands to welcome the visitor.

'Oh, dear,' thought Katie, 'I don't know how they can pretend to be so kind!'

She stood there in the midst of them all, awkward and silent, an honest-hearted little girl, obliged to act a most untruthful part. Try as she might, her kisses were but cold ones. She would have liked to push them away, and to cry out: 'You don't love me, really; you said I was a noisy creature! Let me go home.'

It was worse when her kind, suffering aunt took her in her arms, and said she was 'Oh! so glad to have her to stay!' Katie felt such a mean, horrid little girl. She did not know which way to look or where to hide her hot cheeks.

In the middle of the window, a large green parrot was clawing at her perch.

'This is Polly,' said Janet, passing a hand under the great creature's wing. 'The people next door are going away, and they have sent her to us till they come back.'

Here Polly interrupted with a long, loud screech, so that everybody had to put their hands to their ears.

'We rather like her,' said Clare, when she had finished, 'but oh! she is so noisy! Come and stroke her, Katie!'

So that was the 'noisy creature!' Katie's troubles all vanished at a stroke; and before Clare and Janet could ask what was the matter, she was sobbing out all about the silly mistake to her kind aunt.

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*What Katie Heard*

Checking for Understanding

1. What did the author mean by the following phrase, “her feelings were just those of any little girl who is paying her first real visit to an aunt in the country”?
2. What misunderstanding did Katie make in this text?
3. What was the author’s message in this text?
4. How would this story change if it was told from the viewpoint of Clare or Janet instead of Katie?

Vocabulary

* foisted
* foxglove
* obliged
* affairs
* midst
* state

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/20117/20117-h/20117-h.htm>

## *Little By Little*

Edited by William Byron Forbush, et. al, eds.

When Charley awoke one morning, he looked from the window, and saw the ground deeply covered with snow.

On the side of the house nearest the kitchen, the snow was piled higher than Charley’s head.

“We must have a path through this snow,” said his father. “I would make one if I had time. But I must be at the office early this morning.

“Do you think you could make the path, my son?” he asked little Charley.

“Why, the snow is higher than my head! How could I ever cut a path through that snow?”

“How? Why, by doing it little by little. Suppose you try,” said the father, as he left for his office.

So Charley got the snow shovel and set to work. He threw up first one shovelful, and then another; but it was slow work.

“I don’t think I can do it, mother,” he said. “A shovelful is so little, and there is such a heap of snow.”

“Little by little, Charley,” said his mother. “That snow fell in tiny bits, flake by flake, but you see what a great pile it has made.”

“Yes, mother, I see,” said Charley. “If I throw it away little by little, it will soon be gone.”

So he worked on.

When his father came home to dinner, he was pleased to see the fine path. The next day he gave little Charley a fine blue sled, and on it was painted in yellow letters, “Little by Little.”

## *Little By Little*

Checking for Understanding

1. Please summarize what occurred in this text.
2. How does Charley change from the beginning of the story to the end? Please include examples from the text to illustrate his change.
3. What does the phrase, “Little by Little,” mean?

Vocabulary

* shovelful

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25359/25359-h/25359-h.htm#Page_110>

*Take Me Out to Ball Game*

Written by Jack Norworth  
Music by Albert Von Tilzer

1.

Katie Casey was baseball mad,  
Had the fever and had it bad;  
Just to root for the home town crew,  
ev'ry sou -- Katie blew --  
On a Saturday, her young beau called  
to see if she if she'd like to go,  
To see a show but Miss Kate said "no,  
I'll tell your what you can do:" –

CHORUS 2 times

Take me out to the ball game,  
Take me out with the crowd --  
Buy me some peanuts and cracker jack,  
I don't care if I never come back,  
Let me root, root for the home team,  
If they don't win it's a shame --  
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out,  
at the old ball game.

2.

Katie Casey saw all the games,  
Knew the players by their first names;  
Told the umpire he was wrong,  
all along -- good and stong --  
When the score was just two to two,  
Katie Casey knew what to do,  
Just to cheer up the boys she knew,  
She made the gang sing this song: --  
(CHORUS 2 times)

*Take me out to Ball Game*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does Katie Casey feel about baseball? How do you know that?
2. What does it mean to “root, root for the home team”?

Vocabulary

* sou

<http://www.pdmusic.org/1900s/08tmottbg.txt>

*I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*

Written by Joseph McCarthy   
Music by Harry Carroll

VERSE

At the end of the rainbow there's happiness,  
And to find it how often I've tried,  
But my life is a race, just a wild goose chase,  
And my dreams have all been denied.  
Why have I always been a failure,  
What can the reason be?  
I wonder of the world's to blame,  
I wonder if it could be me?

CHORUS [2 times]

I'm always chasing rainbows,  
Watching clouds drifting by.  
My schemes are just like all my dreams,  
Ending in the sky.  
Some fellows look and find the sunshine,  
I always look and find the rain,  
Some fellows make a winning sometime,  
I never even make a gain,  
Believe me, I'm alway's chasing rainbows,  
Waiting to find a little blue bird in vain.

*I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*

Checking for Understanding

1. What does the author mean by, “I'm always chasing rainbows”?
2. What does the author mean by, “Some fellows look and find the sunshine,  
   I always look and find the rain”?

Vocabulary

* schemes
* vain
* denied
* failure

[http://www.pdmusic.org/1900s/18iacr.txthttp://www.pdmusic.org/1900s/18iacr.txt](http://www.pdmusic.org/1900s/18iacr.txt)

*Mr. Jazz, Himself*  
Composed by Irving Berlin   
  
1.

I know a certain young fellow,   
Who’s filling people with joy;   
How would you like to say “hello,”   
To this remarkable boy?   
Ev’ryone’s talking about him.   
He’s been the topic for days;   
He’s just a winsome gent, with an instrument, that plays;   
I’d like to have you meet him.

CHORUS [sung twice after each verse]

Shake hands with Mister Jazz, himself!   
He took the saxophone from off the shelf   
And when you hear him play;   
You’ll say that he’s been taking lessons up in Heaven.   
That dreamy moan, is his own ’riginality;   
He knows a strange sort of change in a minor key,   
I don’t know how he does it;   
But when he starts to play the blues,   
He’s like a messenger of happy news;   
No one else could ever do it as,   
My friend, Mister Jazz.

2.

I never cared about discords,   
They never cared about me;   
But when I listen to his cords,   
We both agree to agree   
He’s not a Wagner or Verdi.   
He’s not a classy highbrow;   
He’s just the bow who has, put the joy in jazz, and now;   
I’d like to have you meet him.

*Mr. Jazz, Himself*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does the author use rhyme in this poem?
2. How would you describe “Mr. Jazz, himself”?

Vocabulary

* discord
* originality
* verdi
* highbrow
* blues
* remarkable
* jazz
* winsome

<http://www.pdmusic.org/1900s/17mjh.txt>

*Grumble, Grumble, Growl! [1867]*

Composed by Phillip Phillips

1.

We are all grumblers here,  
From the largest to the least,  
No matter what our cheer,  
Be it famine, be it feast,  
For this world is very strange,  
Let times be fair or foul,  
No matter where we range,  
It is grumble, grumble, growl,  
We never are content,  
But we frown and we scowl  
And our breath is ever spent,  
In a grumble and a growl!

2.

Bright smiles are very rare.  
Thankful faces scarcely seen.  
Let our fate be e’er so fair.  
We do nothing but complain.  
Sometime a muttered curse,  
Sometimes almost a howl,  
Never better, always worse  
And its grumble, grumble growl.  
We never are contenty  
But we frown and we scowl  
And our breath is ever spent  
In a grumble, grumble growl.

3.

This is wrong, very wrong  
To slight our blessings here.  
I tell it now in song  
To press it on you here.  
Give thanks for what you have,  
Always smile and never scowl  
And speak in tones of love  
’Stead of grumble, grumble growl.  
Thus will we be content,  
Always smile and never scowl  
And our breath in love be spent  
Not in grumble, grumble growl.

*Grumble, Grumble, Growl!*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does the author use rhythm and rhyme in this poem?
2. What is the mood of this poem? What specific words or phrases in this poem illustrate the mood?

Vocabulary

* content
* scarcely
* famine

[http://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/67ggg.txthttp://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/67ggg.txt](http://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/67ggg.txt)

*Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot*

Composed by Anonymous

Should old acquaintance be forgot,

and never brought to mind?

Should old acquaintance be forgot,

and auld lang syne?

CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my dear,

for auld lang syne,

we’ll take a cup of kindness yet,

 for auld lang syne.

And surely you’ll buy your pint cup

and surely I’ll buy mine!

And we’ll take a cup o’ kindness yet,

for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We two have run about the slopes,

and picked the daisies fine;

 But we’ve wandered many a weary foot,

since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We two have paddled in the stream,

from morning sun till dine;

But seas between us broad have roared

since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

 And there’s a hand my trusty friend!

 And give us a hand o’ thine !

And we’ll take a right good-will draught,

for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

*Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does the author use repetition in this poem?
2. What is the theme of this poem?

Vocabulary

* auld
* auld lang syne (times gone by)

[http://www.pdmusic.org/1800s.htmlhttp://www.pdmusic.org/1800s.html](http://www.pdmusic.org/1800s.html)

# *The Rich Lady Over the Sea* Composed by Anonymous

# 1.

# There was a rich lady lived over the sea, And she was an island queen, Her daughter lived off in the new country, With an ocean of water between. With an ocean of water between. With an ocean of water between.

# 2.

# The old lady's pockets were filled with gold, Yet never contented was she, So she ordered her daughter to pay her a tax, Of thruppence a pound on the tea. Of thruppence a pound on the tea. Of thruppence a pound on the tea.

# 3.

# Oh mother, dear mother, the daughter replied, I'll not do the thing that you ask, I'm willing to pay fair price on the tea, But never the thruppenney tax. But never the thruppenney tax. But never the thruppenney tax.

# 4.

# You shall, cried the mother, and reddened with rage, For you're my own daughter, you see, And it's only proper that daughter should pay. Her mother's a tax on the tea. Her mother's a tax on the tea. Her mother's a tax on the tea.

# 5.

# She ordered her servant to come up to her, And to wrap up a package of tea. And eager for thruppence a pound she put in. Enough for a large family. Enough for a large family. Enough for a large family.

# 6.

# The tea was conveyed to her daughter's own door, All down by the oceanside, But the bouncing girl poured out ever pound. On the dark and the boiling tide. On the dark and the boiling tide. On the dark and the boiling tide.

# 7.

# And then she called out to the island queen,Oh mother, dear mother, called she, Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped enough, But never a tax from me! But never a tax from me! But never a tax from me!

*The Rich Lady Over the Sea*

Checking for Understanding

1. How does the author use rhythm in this poem?
2. Summarize what occurred in this poem.

Vocabulary

* conveyed
* steeped
* contented
* tax

# [http://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/1775trlots.txthttp://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/1775trlots.txt](http://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/1775trlots.txt)

*Washington Crossing the Delaware*

Written by Seba Smith

Music by Charles Zuener

1.

Dark and gloomy was the hour,  
 And freedom’s fire’s burnt low  
For twenty days had Washington  
 Retreated from the foe;  
And his weary soldier’s feet were bare  
As he fled across the Delaware.

2.

Hearts were fainting thro’ the land,  
 And patriot blood ran cold;  
The stricken army scarce retain’d  
 Two thousand men, all told,  
While British arms gleamed every where  
From the Hudson to the Delaware.

3.

Cold and stormy came the night;  
 The great chief rous’d his men;  
Now, up, brave comrades,  
 Up and strike for freedom once again  
For the lion sleepeth in its lair,  
On the left bank of the Delaware.

4.

By the darkling river’s side  
 Beneath a wintry sky,  
From that weak band forlorn and few,  
 Went up the patriot cry,  
O land of freedom, ne’er despair,  
We’ll die or cross the Delaware.

5.

How the strong oars dash the ice,  
Amid the tempest’s roar!  
And how the trumpet voice of Knox  
 Still cheers them to the shore!  
Thus in the freezing midnight air  
Those brave hearts cross’d the Delaware.

6.

In the morning gray and dim,  
 The shout of battle rose;  
The chief led back his valient men  
 With a thousand captive foes,  
While Trenton shook with the cannon’s blare,  
That told the news o’er the Delaware.

*Washington Crossing the Delaware*

Checking for Understanding

1. Please summarize the poem in your own words.
2. How did Washington’s soldiers (the patriots) compare to the British soldiers? Make sure to include evidence from the text.

Vocabulary

* retained
* captive
* amid
* foes

[http://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/47wctd.txthttp://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/47wctd.txt](http://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/47wctd.txt)

*I'll Never Be a Slave Again*

Written by W. Dexter Smith Jr.

Music by Frederick Clemence

1.

I’ll never be a slave again,   
Nor bend the knee to man,   
No more I’ll wear the clanking chain,   
Nor live beneath the ban;   
I’ve hoped, through years of toil and care,   
To see this golden hour.   
And now I breathe sweet Freedom’s air,   
And feel its holy pow’r.

2.

I fought beneath the dear old flag   
For freedom, peace and right,   
And saw the dark clouds roll away   
Before our country’s might;   
And now that I am truly free   
Upon Columbia’s shore,   
A slave I never more will be   
As in dark days of yore.

3.

I’ll never be a slave again   
To wine and all its wiles   
I see the demon ’neath the mask   
And do not feed its smiles;   
I’ll have no master on the earth   
I’ll yield to nought but love,   
That I may live and die to please   
The One who rules above.  
I’ll live and die for our old flag,   
Yes! ever shall it reign   
I’ll never see its splendor fade,   
Nor be a slave again

*I'll Never Be a Slave Again*

Checking for Understanding

1. Describe the narrator of this poem.
2. How does the author use repetition and rhyme in this poem?

Vocabulary

* toil
* yield
* slave
* ban
* splendor
* power

<http://www.pdmusic.org/1800s/66inbasa.txt>

Fluency Packet 6-8

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